

## **The Order 9641**

Chapter: 9641

Only the craters on the ice surface, melted and quickly frozen by the flames, and the eerie aura of lingering heat and cold in the air, testified to the brief but terrifying massacre that had just occurred.

Chen Ping lowered his hands, his face slightly pale.

Simultaneously manipulating two extremely opposing laws to form such a large-scale killing move, even with his current Celestial Immortal cultivation and the inclusiveness of Chaos Immortal Power, was quite taxing.

But the effect clearly satisfied him.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord and Ling Shuang were completely speechless.

What they had just witnessed had exceeded their understanding of “power.”

That ice-fire Tai Chi diagram was practically a divine technique from legend!

“Rest for half an hour, then continue on our way.”

Chen Ping sat cross-legged, took out a pill to restore his immortal power, swallowed it, and closed his eyes to meditate.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord and Ling Shuang quickly protected him, vigilantly observing their surroundings. Having just witnessed that cataclysmic scene, it was unlikely any living being would dare approach this basin for a while.

Half an hour later, Chen Ping had fully recovered, and the three set off again.

The closer they got to the heart of the ice plain, the more frequent and intense the attacks became.

After defeating the fourth wave of interception by thirty divine warriors, an extremely unusual area appeared ahead.

It was a circular ice plain with a diameter exceeding five hundred miles, its surface as smooth as a mirror, reflecting the hazy sky.

But above this area, a layer of pale blue, visible light membrane shrouded it. Complex divine runes flowed across the membrane, radiating a powerful spatial confinement force. "It's a no-fly zone and a gravity overlap zone!"

Ling Shuang's expression was grave. "I can sense that the air in this area is filled with chaotic spatial turbulence and a gravity field a hundred times stronger than normal! Forcing flight would not only drastically reduce speed but could also tear you apart from the spatial turbulence. The only way is to traverse on foot."

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord tried to sense it, and sure enough, the flow of his immortal power became much sluggish, as if he were carrying a mountain on his back.

Chen Ping looked up at the pale blue light membrane, his golden vertical pupils flickering slightly.

In his vision, the light membrane was not a simple barrier, but rather an intricate network of countless tiny divine runes, connected to the earth veins deep within the icy plains below, continuously drawing upon the cold air and earth vein power of the plains to maintain its operation.

Its complexity and energy level far surpassed the formations he had encountered before.

"This should be part of a large-scale defensive barrier set up by the Northern Underworld God Clan, covering the main passages leading to the core area," Chen Ping analyzed. "Traversing on foot plays right into their hands."

Sure enough, the moment the three stepped into the no-fly zone, three neat military formations silently appeared on the icy plain ahead!

Each formation consisted of fifty men, totaling one hundred and fifty God Clan warriors.

They were all clad in standard ice-blue heavy armor, wielding uniform ice crystal halberds, their auras stern and their killing intent soaring to the heavens.

These were clearly not the previous patrols or ambushes, but the true regular army of the God Clan!

Chapter: 9642

The three formations were arranged in a triangular formation, their auras interconnected, vaguely forming a larger battle formation.

At the forefront of each formation stood a powerful divine general.

The general on the left wielded a massive ice crystal shield, his aura as steady as a mountain, a sixth-grade Celestial Immortal.

The general on the right held twin ice spikes, his movements agile, a peak sixth-grade Celestial Immortal.

The central general, however, was empty-handed, yet his aura was the most terrifying, reaching a seventh-grade Celestial Immortal!

His eyes flashed with icy blue divine light, clearly indicating he was the true commander of this allied army.

This strength and scale likely surpassed all the sects of the Tenth Heaven.

“You trespassed into the forbidden area of the Divine Race, breaching seven of our race’s defenses and killing over a hundred of our warriors.”

The central general spoke, his voice as cold and piercing as ice rubbing together, “Your sins are countless. Today, with your blood, we will pay tribute to the heroic souls of our race and restore the dignity of the Divine Race!”

“Form the formation—‘Northern Dark Ice Immortal-Slaying Formation’!”

With his command, one hundred and fifty Divine Race warriors roared in unison, their voices shaking the surrounding wilderness! “Boom!”

The three military formations simultaneously erupted with soaring, icy-blue light, which converged and merged in mid-air, transforming into a massive, phantom-like array covering several miles in radius!

Within the phantom, the shape of a Xuanwu (Black Tortoise) was faintly visible, emanating a chilling aura of slaughter.

As soon as the array was complete, the temperature within the entire airspace plummeted again, and the gravity field surged nearly two hundredfold!

Countless sharp ice shards condensed in the air, like swords hanging overhead, ready to fall at any moment.

Even more terrifying was that the array perfectly integrated the power of 150 people, forming a unified whole.

Any attack landing on the array would be distributed evenly among all those who set it up, making it extremely difficult to break through. The attack unleashed by the array was equivalent to a combined strike from 150 people, its power terrifying beyond compare!

“This is getting interesting.”

A hint of seriousness finally flashed in Chen Ping’s eyes.

The Northern Netherworld God Clan’s dominance of the Eternal Ice Plains certainly indicated they possessed considerable resources.

But he showed no fear; on the contrary, he was eager to try.

“Ling Shuang, Senior, step back and protect yourselves. I will break this formation.”

Chen Ping slowly drew his Dragon-Slaying Sword.

The sword was ancient and unassuming, but the moment it was drawn, a sharp sword intent that severed cause and effect and annihilated all laws soared into the sky, even diluting some of the killing intent emanating from the “Northern Darkness Profound Ice Immortal-Slaying Formation”!

Chapter: 9643

The central divine general’s pupils constricted slightly; he sensed the extraordinary nature of the sword.

“Kill!”

But he had absolute confidence in his battle formation and issued the attack command without hesitation.

“Black Tortoise Suppresses the World—Freeze the World!”

The Black Tortoise in the formation’s illusory form roared to the sky, spewing out a beam of icy blue light over ten zhang in diameter!

Where the beam passed, space was frozen into tangible ice crystal paths, carrying terrifying power to freeze and crush everything, heading straight for Chen Ping!

The power of this strike had reached the level of an eighth-grade Celestial Immortal!

Chen Ping neither dodged nor evaded, gripping the sword with both hands and holding it upright in front of him.

He closed his eyes, his mind completely merging with the Dragon-Slaying Sword.

The chaotic immortal power within his body surged, the chaotic fire lotus and true dragon blood in his dantian erupted simultaneously, and the immense power flowed through his meridians into the sword.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword emitted an excited hum, fine dragon scale patterns appearing on its blade, and an ancient, vast, terrifying sword intent capable of annihilating everything began to condense.

Chen Ping suddenly opened his eyes, golden light bursting forth from them like a tangible force!

“Dragon-Slaying Sword Technique, Third Form—Severing the Sky!”

He gripped the sword with both hands and slashed diagonally upwards!

There was no dazzling sword light, no deafening sound.

Only a slender, almost transparent gray sword thread silently extended from the tip of the sword.

The sword thread looked so fragile, as if it would snap at the slightest touch.

However, the instant it made contact with the ten-zhang-diameter icy blue pillar of light—

“Sizzle!”

Like a hot knife through butter.

The terrifying pillar of light, containing the power of an eighth-grade Celestial Immortal's strike, was easily and smoothly cleaved in two by the gray sword thread!

The two halves of the pillar grazed Chen Ping's sides, striking the ice behind him and blasting two bottomless craters, yet failing to harm him in the slightest.

The sword thread continued its momentum, drifting lightly towards the enormous array phantom.

"Not good! Full defense!" The central divine general's expression changed drastically, roaring fiercely.

Chapter: 9644

One hundred and fifty divine warriors frantically channeled their immortal power, the array's light surging to its peak, and the Xuanwu phantom solidified, radiating an indestructible aura.

The gray sword thread landed on the Xuanwu phantom's tortoise shell.

Time seemed to stand still for a moment.

The next instant.

"Crack..."

A soft yet clear cracking sound rang out.

From the point where the sword thread landed, countless fine cracks instantly spread throughout the entire Xuanwu phantom!

The cracks rapidly spread to the 150 divine warriors below, their ice-blue heavy armor, their ice crystal halberds, and even their bodies, all began to show the same cracks!

"No—!!!"

The central divine general let out a desperate roar.

“Boom—!!!”

The massive Xuanwu phantom, along with the 150 divine warriors below, collapsed and shattered like a toppled stack of blocks!

It transformed into countless ice-blue specks of light and blood mist, scattering across the pristine white ice plain.

One sword strike, shattering the enemy formation!

Chen Ping stood, sword in hand, slightly panting. This single strike had consumed nearly thirty percent of his immortal power. But the effect was breathtaking.

The anti-air domain, now without its maintainer, began to fluctuate violently. The pale blue light membrane flickered erratically, finally bursting and dissipating like a bubble with a “pop.”

The hundredfold gravity vanished as well.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord and Ling Shuang stared silently at the devastated battlefield and Chen Ping, standing there, sword in hand, seemingly both god and demon.

“Let’s go. We should be close to the Blood Soul Cold Pool area soon.”

Chen Ping sheathed his sword, his expression as calm as ever, as if the earth-shattering strike had been merely a casual gesture.

The three stepped across the blood-stained, rapidly freezing ice surface and continued forward.

Behind them, only shattered armor, weapons, and frozen crimson ice crystals remained, silently testifying to the destruction of the divine race's battle formation.

Less than an hour after Chen Ping shattered the "Northern Darkness Profound Ice Immortal Slaughtering Formation" with a single sword strike, an unprecedentedly terrifying pressure, like an ancient beast awakening from its slumber, erupted from the depths of the icy plains and approached at an astonishing speed!

This pressure was so strong that Crimson Cloud Demon Lord and Ling Shuang instantly found it difficult to breathe, their souls trembling, as if an iceberg were pressing down on their hearts.

Chapter: 9645

Even the howling wind and snow around them froze and fell silent under this pressure.

Chen Ping stopped, turned around, and looked in the direction from which the pressure came, a look of solemnity appearing in his eyes for the first time.

The one who came was very strong!

Far surpassing everyone who had intercepted them before, even a level stronger than the previous seventh-grade Heavenly Immortal Battle Formation General!

"Celestial Immortal Realm... Peak Eighth Rank! Moreover, his aura is refined and profound, his foundation solid; he's definitely not a superficial being forcibly elevated through drugs or secret techniques."

Chen Ping quickly assessed the situation.

A few breaths later, a streak of icy blue light pierced the sky, landing a hundred feet in front of Chen Ping.

The light dissipated, revealing a figure within.

It was a middle-aged man who appeared to be around forty years old. His face was resolute, as if carved by a knife, his eyes deep and unfathomable like icy pools. A deep blue ice crystal divine mark between his brows was more complex and dazzling than any other deity he had seen before.

He wore a simple icy blue robe, without armor, yet the chilling aura naturally emanating from him caused the surrounding space to slightly distort.

In his hand, he held an ancient, crystalline longsword, seemingly carved from ice crystals. The blade was blunt, yet it radiated an extreme chill that stung even the very soul.

“I am Han Yu, the third Divine General of the Northern Underworld Palace.”

The middle-aged man spoke, his voice not loud, yet clearly reaching everyone’s ears, carrying a condescending scrutiny. “So it is you who breached my clan’s defenses and killed hundreds of my soldiers?”

His gaze fell on Chen Ping, first scrutinizing him, then revealing a hint of surprise: “First-grade Celestial Immortal Realm? No... your aura is very peculiar, primordial chaos, with a hint of dragon’s might... I have never seen the cultivation technique you practice before.”

Chen Ping calmly met his gaze: “Step aside, I...” “I only wanted to obtain medicine to save lives; I didn’t want to commit any more killings.”

“Killings?”

The Cold Prison God General’s lips curled into a cold smile. “In the eyes of my divine race, you outsiders are nothing but ants and weeds.”

“Crushing a few ants counts as killing? Hand over the sword you carry, seal your cultivation, and return with me to the Northern Underworld Palace to await judgment. Perhaps I can spare the lives of the two behind you. Otherwise...”

His icy longsword trembled slightly, and where the tip pointed, thick ice instantly froze on the ground, rapidly spreading towards Chen Ping and the other two!

“Otherwise, this place will be your burial ground!”

As his words fell, the Cold Prison God General’s aura exploded!

“Buzz—!”

The world within a thousand feet of him suddenly changed color!

No longer was it howling wind and snow; it transformed into an absolutely silent, absolutely cold world of ice and snow!

Chapter: 9646

The falling snowflakes were no longer snowflakes, but countless thin, razor-sharp ice blades!

Countless jagged ice spikes sprouted from the ground, like fangs ready to devour their prey!

A Domain!

A power that only high-level Celestial Immortal cultivators can initially grasp—the Frost Domain!

Within this domain, the Frost Prison General is the absolute ruler!

He can freely manipulate all ice-based powers within, greatly weakening his opponents and amplifying his own. This is a qualitative difference, far beyond what ordinary formations or battle arrays can achieve.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord and Ling Shuang's faces turned deathly pale. They felt their immortal energy circulating within them become incredibly difficult, their blood felt like it was freezing, and even their thoughts seemed to sluggish.

Within this domain, they probably couldn't even withstand a single attack from the Frost Prison General!

Chen Ping frowned slightly.

The opponent's domain was already quite perfect, and its power should not be underestimated.

Most importantly, he didn't want the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord and Ling Shuang to be affected.

"Retreat to the edge of the domain and protect yourselves."

Chen Ping transmitted his voice to the two, simultaneously stepping forward and entering the core of the Frost Prison General's domain.

"Seeking death!"

A cold glint flashed in the Frost Prison General's eyes, and he slashed through the air with his ice crystal longsword!

Within the domain, countless ice blades instantly changed direction, raining down on Chen Ping like a storm!

At the same time, ice spikes on the ground grew wildly, piercing him from all directions!

Each ice blade and each ice spike contained the power of the freezing law, enough to easily pierce the defenses of an eighth-grade Celestial Immortal!

Faced with this overwhelming attack, Chen Ping neither dodged nor evaded.

He simply slowly raised his right hand, palm facing upward.

“Your domain is not bad, but unfortunately, you’ve met me.”

“Chaotic Immortal Domain—Open!”

“Boom—!!!”

An indescribable, all-encompassing, and supremely powerful aura erupted from Chen Ping’s body!

Chapter: 9647

Centered on him, within a radius of eight hundred feet, the ice blades, ice spikes, and extreme cold, as if encountering their nemesis, rapidly melted and retreated!

In their place lay a hazy, gray landscape, reminiscent of the primordial chaos at the beginning of time!

Within this chaotic domain, there were no Five Elements, no Yin and Yang, no light or darkness, only the most primordial and fundamental chaotic energy flowing.

It didn’t possess the intense aggression or overt suppressive power of the Ice Domain, but it had a characteristic of “assimilation” and “negation” of everything.

After the Frost Prison General’s ice blades and ice spikes entered the chaotic domain, they quickly lost their original form and legal characteristics, transforming into the most basic ice-type spiritual energy, then being devoured and assimilated by the chaotic energy, becoming part of the chaotic domain’s nourishment!

“This... what kind of domain is this?!”

The Frost Prison General's pupils suddenly contracted, and for the first time, disbelief appeared on his face. He had never seen such a bizarre and powerful domain!

His icy domain, surprisingly, melted and retreated rapidly before the opponent's domain, like ice meeting boiling water!

"Impossible! Freeze!"

The Frost Prison General roared, unleashing the full power of his domain. The ice crystal divine mark between his brows erupted with blinding light, attempting to suppress the attack.

Chen Ping's expression remained unchanged, a thought flashing through his mind.

At the center of the Chaos Domain, the illusory Chaos Fire Lotus appeared, slowly rotating.

From the center of the lotus, a wisp of dark golden dragon-shaped flame rose.

"Chaotic Dragon Flame, Burn!"

"Roar—!"

With a faint dragon's roar, the dark golden flame swept out, causing the temperature within the Chaos Domain to drop instead of rise, but it was a terrifyingly high temperature capable of burning even the laws of nature!

The flame collided fiercely with the Frost Prison General's icy domain, producing a hissing sound. Large swathes of ice-based laws were directly evaporated and incinerated!

The Frost Prison God General groaned, a trickle of blood spilling from the corner of his mouth. His domain had been forcibly burned and eroded, causing a backlash!

“What kind of monster are you?!”

He was filled with shock and rage, no longer daring to hold back in the slightest, “Ice God Bloodline—Awaken!”

“Roar!”

He roared to the sky, the ice crystal divine pattern between his brows igniting completely, transforming into a blue pillar of light that shot into the heavens!

His body began to swell, fine ice-blue scales appearing on his skin, his eyes turning a pure ice-blue, his aura surging wildly, instantly breaking through the eighth rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm, infinitely approaching the ninth rank!

This was a forbidden bloodline technique of the Northern Underworld God Clan, capable of temporarily awakening the ancient Ice God bloodline within one’s body, granting power far exceeding one’s own realm!

Chapter: 9648

However, the price was extremely high, leaving one in a prolonged period of weakness afterward.

“Ice God Slash – Eternal Frozen Tragedy!”

The Frost Prison General gripped his sword with both hands, raising it high above his head. The ice crystal sword instantly expanded to a hundred zhang in size, countless ancient divine runes appearing on its blade, radiating a terrifying aura that could freeze space and time and end everything!

This sword strike had already touched a trace of the “Dao,” its power enough to threaten a ninth-grade Celestial Immortal!

He unleashed his full power at Chen Ping, slashing down!

The hundred-zhang ice crystal giant sword tore through the chaotic domain, carrying a blue light that froze all things, cleaving down overhead!

Before the sword even arrived, the ice field below had already collapsed, creating a huge fan-shaped crater!

Chen Ping looked up, gazing at the world-destroying sword strike, his eyes calm and undisturbed.

He slowly raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword, its tip pointing towards the heavens.

Within his body, Chaotic Immortal Power, Chaotic Fire Lotus, True Dragon Blood, and a trace of the true meaning of the Chaotic Laws he had recently comprehended, all were poured into the sword without reservation!

The Dragon-Slaying Sword emitted an unprecedented hum, the dragon scales on its blade seeming to come alive. A blurry, chaotic dragon shadow coiled around the sword, roaring towards the sky!

“Dragon-Slaying Sword Technique Final Form—Chaos Returns to Nothingness!”

Chen Ping gripped the sword with both hands, cleaving upwards against the heavens!

No sound.

No light.

Only a tiny, seemingly world-devouring “black crack” spread from the tip of the Dragon-Slaying Sword, meeting the hundred-foot-long ice crystal giant sword.

The instant the “black crack” made contact with the ice crystal giant sword—

Time seemed to stand still.

Space seemed to solidify.

The next moment.

“Crack...crack crack...Boom!!!”

The hundred-foot-long ice crystal giant sword, starting from its tip, shattered inch by inch! The fragments didn't scatter everywhere, but were silently swallowed and annihilated by the “black crack,” returning to nothingness!

The shattering was incredibly fast, spreading to the sword hilt in the blink of an eye.

The Frost Prison General's eyes were filled with extreme fear and bewilderment. He couldn't understand why his supreme attack, unleashed by burning his bloodline, was so easily defeated.

Chapter: 9649

“No...this isn't real...”

“Swoosh!”

A “black crack” gently grazed his body.

The Frost Prison General's movements abruptly froze.

He looked down and saw a thin, long black line appear on his chest.

The black line spread rapidly, and wherever it passed, his body, armor, the ice crystal longsword in his hand, even the boiling Ice God bloodline and boundless immortal power within him, all rapidly lost their color, life, and existence, ultimately turning into primordial particles, devoured by the “black crack.”

“Chaos...return to nothingness...” he murmured the last four words, his eyes completely dimming.

A gust of cold wind blew past.

The figure of the Frost Prison General vanished like a sand sculpture in the wind, leaving no trace, as if he had never existed.

His icy domain also collapsed and dissipated.

The Chaos Domain slowly receded into Chen Ping’s body.

Chen Ping’s face was ashen, his sword-wielding hand trembling slightly; he even needed to plant the sword in the ice to maintain his balance.

Using the “Return to the Void of Chaos” technique had almost drained all his strength, leaving even his soul feeling weak.

But he had ultimately won.

With the cultivation of a peak first-grade Celestial Immortal, he had overcome seven minor realms to directly kill the third Celestial General of the Northern Underworld Clan, a peak eighth-grade Celestial Immortal who had touched the threshold of the ninth grade!

This scene was deeply etched into the minds of the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord and Ling Shuang, unforgettable for life.

“Senior!” Ling Shuang exclaimed, rushing forward to support Chen Ping.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord also arrived, his eyes filled with gratitude and shock.

He knew Chen Ping had fallen into such danger to help him.

“It’s nothing, just a bit too much exertion.”

Chen Ping waved his hand, took out a handful of recovery pills and popped them into his mouth, then sat cross-legged to meditate. “I need to meditate for an hour. You two protect me.”

“Yes!” Crimson Cloud Demon Lord and Ling Shuang immediately flanked him, extremely vigilant.

An hour later, Chen Ping’s energy had recovered significantly. Although not at his peak, he was now capable of fighting.

He stood up and looked deeper into the icy plains, where three towering, triangular ice peaks, each ten thousand feet high, were already visible in the distance.

Chapter: 9650

“The Blood Soul Cold Pool is over there.”

“And the Northern Underworld Palace... shouldn’t be far either.”

The three continued onward, their steps firm. After a series of bloody battles, especially the epic duel with the Frost Prison God General, their aura was completely different.

It was a sharp, confident confidence born from countless battles, a fearlessness that could kill any god in their path.

The biting winds of the Eternal Ice Plains seemed to change direction because of them.

The Northern Underworld Clan’s interception did not cease with the fall of the Frost Prison General; instead, it became even more frenzied and desperate.

But before Chen Ping, who had recovered most of his strength, these interceptions were like a mantis trying to stop a chariot, easily crushed.

Finally, as the setting sun painted the ice plains with a poignant hue, they arrived at the depression surrounded by the three triangular ice peaks. They saw the dark red Blood Soul Cold Pool, and the thousand-year-old Ice Soul Blood Lotus budding beside it.

They also saw the forbidden protective array, shimmering with light, that enveloped the entire depression.

And behind the array, in the deepest part of the ice plains, stood the majestic, magnificent, and imposing Northern Underworld Palace, radiating boundless majesty and killing intent!

The real challenge had only just begun. Chen Ping's gaze had already passed beyond the cold pool and the array, landing on the deepest part of that ice crystal palace.

There, not only lies the method to break the forbidden formation, but perhaps also other secrets of the divine race!

Chen Ping knew far too little about the divine race.

"The Northern Underworld Palace..."

Chen Ping murmured to himself, the Dragon-Slaying Sword trembling slightly in its sheath, as if responding to its master's fighting spirit.

"I've arrived."

When Chen Ping and his companions finally arrived at the depression surrounded by three towering ice peaks, night had already fallen on the Eternal Ice Plains.

No stars shone in the sky, only the aurora borealis, like flowing, colorful rivers, danced silently in the dark firmament, illuminating the entire ice plains with a bizarre and surreal light.

In the center of the depression, the Blood Soul Cold Pool, no more than ten feet in diameter, gleamed with an eerie dark red light under the aurora. The water was calm and still, yet it exuded a chilling aura and a bloody stench that sent shivers down one's spine.

The thousand-year-old Ice Soul Blood Lotus by the pool swayed gently in the cold wind, its nine petals as crystalline as rubies, its central bud as crimson as blood, seemingly poised to bloom at any moment.

However, the forbidden protective array that enveloped the entire depression stood like an insurmountable chasm.

Ancient and intricate divine runes flowed across the icy blue light screen, and at the ends of the icy blue chains hanging from it, the grotesque phantoms of ice beasts flickered, radiating a chilling pressure.

Even more unsettling was what lay beyond the array—deeper into the three ice peaks—where a magnificent ice crystal palace complex, beyond description, stood silently in the night and aurora.

The Northern Underworld Palace.